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37

POEMS

ON SEVERAL

OCCASIONS, &c.

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ON SEVERAL

OCCASIONS.

BY

HENRY CAREY.

—— *Inops, Potentem dum vult Imitari, perit.*

Phæd.

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POEMS

ON SEVERAL

OCCASIONS.

MVSEVM
BRITAN
NICVM

THE PREFACE TO THE READER.

AS this ſmall Attempt is likely to bring my Name and Abilities more in Queſtion than hitherto, ſo I thought it neceſſary to prefix ſome few Words, not ſo much to Vindicate my Self and Writings, as to Intreat the Reader would receive no Prejudice againſt Me, or this Undertaking

dertaking (before Hand) but afford the following Sheets a Peruſal, without any diſtate to my Age, or diſtruſt of my Capacities.

I am ſenſible, that herein I lay my ſelf open to the Humour and Caprice of the World, who will Condemn and Applaud at Pleaſure; Neither am I Ignorant, that (in this little Book) I Sacrifice my Reputation to the Perſecution of implacable Criticks, who will find fault for Cuſtom ſake, and endeavour, by unlimited Detraction, to obſtruct the Hopes of my Parents, the end of my Education, and my own Endeavours: Nay, their Malice may purſue me ſo far, that (by balking my Genius, and Caſting a damp upon my

my Credit) they may put a Period to what ever I may Attempt, either for my own Private Happineſs, the Service of my Country, or the Good of Mankind in general.

But be that as it will, I am neither the firſt nor laſt of their Martyrs; only I beg that none may have Power to give Sentence againſt me, unleſs they can Read and Write, or at leaſt Underſtand what is Read to them.

I likewiſe humbly hope, no Perſon will Condemn me in complaiſance to others, who, perhaps, may want that Senſe and Good Manners which may enable ſome to Approve (at leaſt Excuſe) theſe mean Products of my

Youth-

Youthful Fancy, and leiſure Moments, which had not been made Publick but at the Inſtance of my Friends and Acquaintance; for whoſe Satisfaction, I have taken Five Hundred from the Preſs, and I leave any Reaſonable Perſon to Judge, whether the deſier of Fame and Profit, or that of obliging my Friends, was moſt prevailing with me.

I could ſay more, but am not willing to add the Crime of Impertinence to Preſumption. I ſhall detain the Reader no longer than to beg a favourable Conſtruction of theſe few Pieces, which may embolden me (in time) to produce ſomewhat more Worthy of Encouragement and Approbation.

AN

A N

ODE

Presented to Her MAJESTY

ON HER

BIRTH-DAY.

DArling of Heav'n, and Glory of the Earth,
Illustrious *Anna*! whose Auspicious Birth
To *Britains* welfare gave an happy Date,
And bless'd us with a Goddess to our Queen;
For surely such are you, in whom is seen
All that is good, and ev'ry Thing that's Great.

Best of your Sex, and best of Monarchs too,
What Praises to your Name are due!
What Songs to *ANNA* shall we sing!
What Pyramids erect, what Off'rings bring?

Shall we in ſoft Harmonious lays
Attempt to Celebrate your Praiſe?
Or ſhall the Muſe and Voice unite their Charms
To ſing the Glories of your Reign, and Conqueſts
of your Arms?

Ah! No, in vain (alas!) we ſtrive to find
So bright a Genius, or elate a mind
Whoſe daring Muſe on ſteady Wings may glide
Thro' Realms Celeſtial with Triumphant Pride,
And (with Stupendous Fury boldly) wreſt
The Teeming Raptures from an Angels Breaſt.

No wonder then if ſuch a Muſe as mine
Should ceaſe to aim at Subjects ſo Divine,
For (ah!) her Tender Pinions ne'er can fly
Thro' Regions ſo inſuperably high.

Since then the languid Muſe her Aid denies,
My Supplicating Soul ſhall ſcale the Skies,
And for your welfare earneſtly implore
The Sacred Three in One, whom we adore;
While all your Subjects in my Prayers ſhall join,
That God wou'd make you happy, as you are Divine.

A Rhapsody on PEACE.

ETernal Father Son and Holy Ghost
Appear, encompass'd by a Glorious hoft
Of Saints and Angels, let the Tuneful Spheres
With Harmony Celestial Charm our Ears,
Let all the various parts of Nature's Voice,
In one Exulting Tone, aloud rejoice,
And (while our aching Eyes are fix'd on high,
Upon the Glory of thy Majesty)
Great God of Peace, look down! and smiling show
How pleas'd thou art, when *Urien* is below.

A SONG.

I.

WHile in my *Lesbia*'s Face I view
A Thousand Thousand Charms,
Still something Lovely, something new
My wondring Soul alarms.

II.

Strange Pow'r! that Nature should create
One so divinely fair,
That she no Beauty can compleat
With *Lesbia* to compare.

THE BALLAD OF King JOHN's Son AND THE CYNDER-WENCH.

SUNG by Mr PACK at the *THEATRE-ROYAL.*

To the Tune of *Chevy-Chace.*

I.

When as King *John* did Rule this Land,
He had an only Son,
No more like to his own Papa,
Than an Apple is like a Gun.

II.

Which Prince (upon a *May* Morning)
Was fitting on a Bench,
And There, he Chanc'd to fall in Love
With a Dirty Cynder-Wench.

III.

Her Hands, and Face, were all begrim'd,
And Dirty was her Skin,
Her Cloaths were nasty, torn, and old,
And, all, not worth a Pin.

IV.

Her Hair was Clotted to her Head,
Her Nose it stood awry,
And, eke, her large blear Eyes, God wot,
Did Squint most Damnably.

V.

Her Teeth were Rotten in her Gums,
Her Mouth it was so wide,
That (as I live) a Coach and Six
Within the same might ride.

VI.

Her back was hump'd, her Breasts like dugs
  Did hang her Waste adown,
And There, Commodiously, display'd
  A Skin of Wainscot Brown.

VII.

But (Ladies Fair !) I will no more
  This ugly Tale pursue,
Lest, I should make your Hearts full Sick,
  And turn your Stomachs too.

VIII.

Yet ah, (alas !) and well-a-day,
  'Twere pity great, I wis,
A Prince (so nobly born) should Love
  So foul a Drab as this.

IX.

But Love does overcome the Wife,
  The Fooliſh, eke, withal,
The Young, the Old, the Rich, the Poor,
  The Great, as well as Small.

X.

So far'd it with our Noble Prince,
His Love he couldn't conceal,
But thus, unto the Cynder-Wench
The ſame, he did reveal.

XI.

Thou Paragon of Beauty Bright,
Thou moſt Illuſtrious Dame,
Since I was born, my Eyes ne'er ſaw,
So exquiſite a Frame!

XII.

Peerleſs thou art, thine Eyes they ſhine
Like ſome enliv'ning Ray
Which *Phœbus* darts from out the Skies
To Gild the dawn of Day!

XIII.

In ev'ry Feature of thy Face
A Thouſand Charms unite,
To Captivate our willing Hearts,
And Bleſs our wond'ring Sight!

XIV.

The Lilly White, the Blushing Rose
Within thy Cheeks combine,
Their Lively Tinctures (blended) make
Thy Beauties more Divine.

XV.

The Coral equals not thy Lips,
Thy Teeth in order show
Like bars of Polish'd Ivory,
Adjusted, row, by row.

XVI.

Like Two fair Hills of Alpine Snow
Thy downy Breasts appear,
Thy neck as Alabaster smooth
But much more White, and Clear.

XVII.

Thy Face, thy Stature, and thy make,
Thy Air, and thy Address,
Are far beyond the Pow'r of Verse,
Or Prose for to express.

XVIII.

Nor do thy Beauties crave for ought
Which might the ſame Adorn,
Thy coſtly Robes, ſo Richly Deck'd,
Beſpeak thee Nobly Born.

XIX.

Grant me thy Love, O Princeſs fair!
For, I adore thee ſo
That, as you love, or hate, ſo I
Poſſeſs or weal, or woe.

XX.

While thus (upon his bended Knees)
This Noble Prince implor'd,
His words were met by looks of Scorn,
From her, whom he Ador'd.

XXI.

I marl (thou Royſter rude!) quoth ſhe,
What makes thee taunt me ſo,
I ne'er was ſo miſcall'd before,
I'd have thee for to know.

XXII.

Full Twenty Husbands I have had,
All Men of mickle might,
And, doſt thou think I'd ſtoop ſo low
To lig by ſuch a Wight?

XXIII.

Go, Get thee Gone (Sir Knave!) quoth ſhe,
With that (upon his ear)
She gave him ſuch a ſwinging box
As made him for to rear.

XXIV.

I ſhould have ſaid to reel, —— but that
Would not have been in Rhime;
One word for Chink, and one for Senſe
Is good, at any time.

Hud.

XXV.

This Box did ſo alarm the Prince,
He, ſtraightway on her Gaz'd;
But —— (when he ſaw her uglineſs,)
Good Lord! he was amaz'd.

XXVI.

Fly (hated object !) then, said he,
Let me not see thy Face,
Thine Hideous Form I now perceive
With Horror, and Disgrace.

XXVII.

And, for that Box she gave the Prince,
He gave her Kicks, full twain,
And Vow'd, that he would never love
A Cynder-Wench again.

A

Here followeth a right Witty Application, Pithy and well applied unto the whole.

XXVIII.

You *British* Ladies, who have heard
This most enchanting Song,
Mark well, the Application
Does unto you belong.

XXIX.

Your Beauties only are Divine
While you have Lovers store ;
But, when Adorers they grow scant,
Your Charms are then no more.

XXX.

It is the Eye of Pore-blind Love,
Which makes you paſt compare,
When with Indifference we look,
You are but as you were.

XXXI.

Then, to your Lovers all be kind,
Be Kind, e'er 'tis too late;
Left, when the Charms decay, you find
The Cynder Wenches Fate.

A

SONG.

I.

WOuld your gain a Woman's hate
Be a Conſtant Lover,
Would you Woman's Love create
Be a Faithleſs Rover.

II.

The Fond Adorer they deſpiſe,
And keep him in Subjection;
But he that wooes with Oaths and Lies,
Is ſure to gain Affection.

ANOTHER.

ANOTHER.

I.

A Heart that's Bleeding
With deep Deſpair,
Is ne'er ſucceeding
Amongſt the Fair.

II.

They hate imploring;
And Courtſhip fly,
Each Swain adoring
Is ſure to Die.

ANOTHER.

I.

IF Love's a Folly, what am I
Who Love beyond Expreſſion?
If, 'tis a Crime to be in Love,
How great is my Tranſgreſſion?

II.

Then cruel Charmer, O! be kind,
And paſs my Final Sentence,
For I am weary of my Chains,
And languiſh for Repentance.

ANO-

ANOTHER.

I.

THE Flame of Love aſſwages
When once it is Reveal'd,
But fiercer, ſtill, it rages,
The more it is Conceal'd.

II.

Conſenting makes it Colder,
When met it will Retreat;
Repulſes make it bolder,
And Dangers make it Sweet.

ANOTHER.

I.

SHE, whom (above my ſelf) I prize,
Does me (above all Men) deſpiſe,
My Faithful paſſion is ſo great,
Nothing exceeds it, but her Hate.
Why was ſhe made ſo fair,
Why are her Eyes ſo bright,
They kill me with Deſpair,
And yet, attract my Sight.
Ye Gods! Muſt I, for ever, Love,
Muſt ſhe, for ever, Cruel prove,
Muſt my Torment, Grief and Pain
Meet with nothing, but Diſdain.

See there she walks,
And Gayly talks,
Roses sweet,
Bend to meet,
Her nimble Feet.
The God of Love around her Temples Flies,
And wantons, in the Glories of her Eyes.
Turn, ah! Turn those Eyes on me,
Make amends for your Disdain,
Either give me Liberty,
Or forbear to give me pain.

THE FIRST DISTICH OF CATO PARAPHRAS'D.

Si Deus est animus nobis ut carmina dicunt,
Hic tibi præcipue sit pura mente colendus.

IF that Almighty, Infinitely Good
And Glorious Pow'r who (when all things stood
On nothing, and were nothing) gave command
So Efficacious, That no helping hand
Assisted, to compose this spacious World,
But ev'ry Attom in its place was hurl'd;

At

At whose Despotick Word
Night from its Gloomy Prison issued forth,
The teeming Womb of *Chaos* brought forth Earth
And gave the Sun, and Day, and ev'ry Being birth.

If this so Good, so Great, so Glorious Pow'r,
Who was before all things, is at this Hour,
Whom we call God — be (as we have been told,
By the Inspired, Learned Men of Old)
A Form of purest, and divinest Air,
Beyond Conception, and without Compare,
Stupendiously Glorious, in whom all
Those heav'nly Graces Mortals Virtues call
Shine so conspicuous, that their dazling Rays
Dimm my aspiring Soul, and bid my Lays
Forbear with bold Attempts to sing his Praise.

Then, let each Humane Soul with awful fear,
With Holy Love, and Contrite Heart appear
Before yon Heav'n, his blest abode, and pray
Late in the Night, and early in the Day
To him, the only Object of our Vows,
Who all our secret Thoughts and Wishes knows.

Nor let the baleful Pow'rs of Sloth, or Pride,
Permit his sacred Image e'er to slide
From our sereneſt Thoughts, but let us keep
It fix'd awake, and Dream of it in sleep;
Thus, may we keep our God within our Soul,
And, all Immoral Thoughts and Deeds controul.

A N

HYMN

TO THE

MOON.

SEE Smiling *Cynthia* now begins to riſe,
And adds Tranſparent Glories to the Skies!

Hail, beauteous Rival of the Darkſome Night
Whoſe Glooms give way to thy ſuperiour Light!
Thy Lucid Charms afford a ſecond day,
And guide the weary Pilgrim in his way;
Thy milder Preſence Renders open Plains
Delightful to the Nymphs, and to the Swains,
Who (all the Day) in lonely Shades Retreat,
To ſhun the Fury of Meridian Heat.

The warbling Lark forſakes its downy neſt,
And thinks the Day in *Phœbe*'s Smiles expreſt;
The Lambkins leave their Folds, the Fiſh forſake
The deep receſſes of the ſilent Lake,
And, all (with blitheſt motion) ſweetly play,
To Grace the Nuptials of the Night, and day.

The Memorable Hiſtory of unfortunate *Phillis*, the Fair Maid of *Preſton* in *Lancaſhire*.

Colin a gentle Shepherd Swain,
with ev'ry Beauty grac'd,
Upon the faireſt of the Plain
his kind Affection plac'd.

Young *Phillis* did his mind employ,
'twas her alone he Lov'd,
She was his Life, his Soul, his Joy,
but mark how *Phillis* prov'd:

Deaf to the Am'rous Shepherd's Pray'r,
with ſcorn ſhe from him flew,
She was Unkind as ſhe was Fair,
and Falſe as he was True.

Colin, purſu'd by her Diſdain,
to Deſarts wild retir'd,
Where oft he ſigh'd, but ſigh'd in vain
for her he moſt admir'd.

Tho' other Nymphs for *Colin* pin'd,
Phillis his Love deſpis'd,
She to that Paſſion was unkind,
which others would have priz'd.

Fut ſhe who had ſo long deny'd
an humble, conſtant Swain,
Phillis, who had, with wond'rous Pride,
reſiſted all the Plain,

Was

Was vanquiſh'd by a Coat of Lace,
and by an outſide won;
By Flaxen Wig, and Painted Face,
poor *Phillis* was undone.

It chanc'd a ſplendid Courtier came
to breath the rural Air,
Whoſe gay Addreſſes did inflame
the too too eaſie Fair.

This Courtier, artful to Deceive,
ſo much on *Phillis* gain'd,
All he could wiſh, or ſhe could give,
he eaſily obtain'd.

But ſcarce had he the Fair enjoy'd,
and gain'd her tender Heart,
When, with her fond Embraces Cloy'd,
he did from her depart.

Phillis, thus baſely left alone,
by one whom ſhe ador'd,
To every Eccho made her Moan,
and ev'ry Power implor'd.

But ah! alas, too late ſhe found
her Darling ſo unkind,
For Love had all their Labours Crown'd
and left a Pledge behind.

Of *Colin* now ſhe ſeeks relief,
and to the Deſart flies
Where he had ſtoln, to hide his Grief,
and Eccho forth his Cries:

But *Colin*, grown much wiſer now
experienc'd by his ſmart,
Met *Phillis* with an angry Brow,
and baffled all her Art.

His Love was now to Hatred turn'd,
his Fondneſs to Diſdain;
And ſhe, who had his Paſſion ſcorn'd,
he ſcorn'd as much again.

Back to the Groves he did repair,
and there, in Wedlock join'd
A Nymph, as Faithleſs *Phillis* Fair,
but much more Chaſte and Kind.

Poor *Phillis* to a Cottage fled,
to hide her Grief and Shame,
Where ſhe conceal'd her guilty Head,
and liv'd her Fate to blame.

While *Colin*, bleſt in *Celia*'s Arms
admir'd by all did Live,
Poſſeſs'd of all the peaceful Charms
that Heav'n, and Love could give.

Then, O! let ev'ry *Britiſh* Maid
take Virtue for her Guide,
She need not fear to be betray'd,
who keeps her Virgin pride.

When Love and Virtue both unite
within a Youthful breaſt,
They fill the Soul with ſuch delight
as cannot be expreſs'd.

A Story of a COCK and a BULL:

Multorum Manibus Grande Levatur Onus.

IN *Italy*, not long ago,
There was a Governor you know,
Who in ſhort ſpace, as we are told,
Fill'd all his Bags with ſtore of Gold;
The honeſt Townſmen vext to ſee
Themſelves become as poor ——— as me,
They were in ſuch a wretched taking,
It ſet their very Hearts on aching,
And therefore to remove this Dudgeon,
They were reſolv'd the Old Curmudgeon
Without a farther Noiſe or Rout,
Should leave the City and *Turn out*.
But while this mighty Reſolution
Waited for Thanks and Execution,
Up ſtarts a Fellow with a Beard,
Whom ev'ry body Lov'd and Fear'd.
Harkee, Good Folks, ſaid he, *I pray,*
D'ye know what 'tis you mean, you ſay
We'd turn the Governor away;
But hold, without much farther Arguing,
There want two Words to make this Bargain:
'Tis true, you ſay that Trading's Dull,
And that the Governors Bags are full,
So very full they all run o're,
Why then ye fools, they'll hold no more;

But if another Man ſhould come,
In My. What d' you call him's Room,
He'll bring a Family in Rags,
And whole Cart-loads of Empty Bags.
Which he will Fill, as you know how,
And Neighbours, pray what think you now?

At this the Rabble ſhook their Heads
They croſs'd themſelves and told their Beads,
To think a Man ſo Old as he,
Into ſuch deep Affairs ſhould ſee,
While he to raiſe their Admiration,
Tickled their Ears with this Relation.

" A Man there was (*ſaid he*) whoſe Field
" Good ſtore of Glorious Corn did yield,
" Which to preſerve, a Cock he ſet,
" To watch all hours, dry or wet,
" To be awake both Night and Morn,
" That none might ſteal away the Corn;
" But e'er two days paſs'd o'er his Head,
" He came and ſaw the Cock had fed
" So heartily that he grew fat,
" The thrifty Hind provok'd at that
" Sent Cock a Doodle wadling home
" And brought a brace of Bulls in's room:
" Then three days more at home he ſtay'd,
" But when he came he was diſmay'd;
" Good Lord! how he did ſtorm and roar,
" He now was madder than before.
" Then did he ſtamp, and rave, and cry,
" And made a noiſe, Good reaſon why,
" The wanton Bulls had made ſuch haſte
" To lay the whole Encloſure waſte,
" That as I Live ——
" 'Twixt *Monday* Night and *Friday* Morn,
" They had not left one Ear of Corn.

DEMOCRITUS

Laughing at

The Folly of FLATTERY.

HA, ha, ha, ha! — hold me — or I shall burst!
Really, I wonder how the Fellow durst
Tell the Attentive Fool so many Lies
When, he himself knew it was otherwise!

Sir — said the fawning Slave — to sing your Praise,
Or Altars equal with your worth to raise
Are things impossible with Gods, much more
With Men who share a far inferiour Pow'r;
Heavens! what a shape is there! How clean, how fine.
How many Charms in ev'ry Feature shine!
Not the sublimest Raptures of the Muse,
Or all the Figures Rhetoricians use
Can justly Praise your meanest Feature, yet
The Bounteous Gods, to make you more compleat,
Have plac'd a glorious Soul in that sweet Frame,
Possest of ev'ry Virtue I can Name.

This is not half — but, when he'd made an end,
The Flatt'red Fool embrac'd and call'd him Friend,
Bad him Command what he could grant, and he
Would gladly give it him immediately;
[As a Reward for his gross Flattery:]

Sir (ſaid the Sycophant) There is a Place
Now vacant, which I gladly would embrace ;
See, ſaid the cheated Coxcomb, what I'll do,
I go this Moment to procure it you.

He fled, with eager Joy, while I approach'd,
And in the Flatt'rers Company encroach'd,
I ask'd him who that was whom he ſo prais'd,
Said he —— a Wicked Villain, who hath rais'd
Himſelf by Fraud, by Perjury, and all
That we can *Odious*, Black, or Vicious call.

Amaz'd I left the Monſter, as I wou'd
Infected Perſons, or Contagious Blood ;
Such unexpected baſeneſs chang'd my Note,
And ſtop'd the Riſing Laughter in my Throat ;
I could have wept —— but why do I exclaim ?
Mankind (alas !) will ever be the ſame,
The World will ſtill it's Vicious Courſes keep :
My Friend *Heraclitus* may Mourn and Weep,
But while ſuch ſhoals of Fools and Knaves there be,
There is a ſtore of Laughter ſtill for me.

THE Rival Lap-Dog. A SONG.

I.

CORINNA, pray tell me,
Why thus you repel me,
When humbly I ſue for a Kiſs,
While *Dony*, at pleaſure,
May Kiſs without meaſure,
And ſurfeit himſelf with the Bliſs?

II.

How hard's my Misfortune!
That I muſt Importune
For what I muſt ſtill be denied,
While the Rapturous Duty
I owe to your Beauty
Muſt be by a Lap-dog ſupplied.

THE
Antiquated Coquet.
A
SONG.

I.

VIELLA why, at Ninety nine
Thus Gay, thus Brisk, do you appear,
Why do ſparkling Diamonds ſhine
In thy party colour'd Hair?

II.

Why do Patches, Paint o'er ſpread
Thy Antiquated Face?
Thy Wither'd Breaſts, why over laid,
With Richeſt Points and Lace?

III.

Why doſt thou talk of warm deſire,
And of the Joys of Love,
When thou art ready to expire,
And ought'ſt to look above?

For

IV.

For ſhame *Viella*, Ceaſe to Ape
The Blooming, ſprightly Fair,
In Geer of Gauſe, and Weed of Crape,
You'd like your ſelf appear.

III.

Muſick's VICTORY,

OR, THE

Baffled POET.

A

SONG.

I.

WHile Fair *Paſtora* ſate with me,
Beneath a ſhady Myrtle Tree,
My Warbling Muſe in ſweeteſt Lays,
Sung my Paſſion and her Praiſe.

II.

Till the Divine Seraphick Lyre
Set her glowing Breaſt on Fire,
Raptur'd ſhe heard th' inchanting Strains,
And vow'd ſhe lov'd me 'bove all Swains.

III.

But young *Endymion* brought his Lute
Which ſtruck my Muſe, my Numbers Mute;
No more ſhe lik'd my late Lov'd Song,
But wiſh'd ſhe might ſit all day long
To hear the bleſt *Endymion*.

Thus Muſick drew her Soul away,
Enchanting Muſick won the Day.

A

THE

Agreeable Surprize.

A

SONG.

I.

ON a ſultry Summers Day
Hyacintha ſleeping lay,
Hid within a Cooling ſhade,
For Divineſt ſlumbers made.

II. *Corridon*

II.

Corridon, her Darling Swain
As he trip'd it o'er the Plain,
Saw the Dear, the Beauteous Maid
In a tempting Posture laid.

III.

To her Side he ſoftly crept,
And Preſs'd, and Kiſs'd her as ſhe Slept,
Then Gently whiſper'd in her Ear,
But ſhe did not —— or would not hear.

IV.

At length, he boldly Jogg'd his Dear
Who waking bluſh'd to find him there,
She ſtrove to riſe, and had been Gone
But, that the Shepherd kept her down.

Phœbus Miſtaken:

OR,

The Way to Catch a COY-ONE.

A

SONG.

From the *French*.

TUrn *Daphne*! Turn; *Apollo* ſaid,
When he purſu'd the Flying Maid,
I am, ſaid he the God of Verſe,
But *Daphne* ſtill maintain'd her Courſe.

Again he cry'd ſtop, ſtop my Dear!
With my Lute I'll Charm thy Ear,
She heard —— 'tis true —— but ſtill ſhe ran
Down the Hills, and o'er the Plain.

At length ſhe out of ſight was flown,
And, poor *Apollo* left alone.

Ah, *Phœbus*! had'ſt thou ſaid —— my Dear
Hither turn thee, Ceaſe to fear,
I am the God of Chearful day,
Youthful, Handſome, Sprightly, Gay,
—— Thoſe words alone the Nymph had mov'd,
She would have Turn'd, and Seen, and Lov'd.

BEAUTY

BEAUTY in TEARS:

OR, SECOND DISTICH

LESBIA's Squirrel.

COme ev'ry Favorite Animal, of all
We may a Goddess, or a Beauty call,
Hither, with Expeditious haste, repair
And, with your loud complainings fill the Ambient
(Air.

Hither Come, and mourn with me
Pretty Puggy's Destiny,
Puggy —— the Beauty of its kind approv'd,
Envy'd by Swains, and by the Nymphs belov'd.

Ye sporting Cupids, who attend
Divine *Cytherea*'s self, Descend!
Descend! —— and see a weeping Goddess bath
Her darling Squirrel's Corps
In Tears would buy an *Alexander*'s Death.

Come, Come, —— arround the Beauteous *Lesbia*
(play,
And try a Thousand Wanton Arts to Drive her
(Grief away.

THE

THE SECOND DISTICH OF CATO PARAPHRAS'D.

Plus vigila Semper, nec ſomno Deditus eſto:
Nam Diuturna quies vitiis alimenta miniſtrat.

SInce thou (O happy Man!) alone art bleſt
With Heavenly Knowledge, ſince thy Glowing Breaſt
With ſuch Celeſtial Raptures is inſpir'd,
And, all thy Godlike Faculties are fir'd
With the Reflection of thy Heav'n-born Mind,
Whoſe boundleſs Scope no Eye but God's can find;
Thy Mind, the Expreſs Image of thy God,
Which can in higheſt Heav'ns take its abode,
Tho this vile Earth contain the viler Clod.

Permit not then, the baleful Type of Death
Inſenſibly to ſteal your Senſe and Breath,
Nor, let the Drowſy Pow'r preſume to keep
Thy Soul a Captive in injurious Sleep,
One Moment paſt the Limits Nature grants,
T' afford the Reſt thy wearied body wants.

As

As many hours you from Sleep refrain,
So many Hours of New Life you Gain,
Therefore from all Immod'rate reſt abſtain.

Nor Suffer an Inglorious Eaſe to waſte
That Precious time, which paſſeth too too faſt
To be Recover'd; Can you Dare to Throw
Away a Gift God only can beſtow,
— On needleſs Trifles? Shall thy God-like Soul,
Which can Aſcend yon Glittering Roof, and roll
In Wanton Extaſies from Pole, to Pole,
Be ſpent and waſted in a Thoughtleſs eaſe,
And ne'er employ'd, but menially to pleaſe
Some wanton Thought? nor yet invok'd to Sing
A Theme beyond a Miſtreſs ——
When it ſhould always praiſe thine Heav'nly King?

Then Fly, with greateſt Fear, from Luxury,
From Sleep, from Sloth, thoſe Keys to Miſery;
Thoſe hot Beds in which Vices grow ſo faſt,
And which deſtroy Mankind, with ſo much haſt,
That, when he would Repent, —— the time is paſt.

AN

ODE

IN

Praiſe of Chaſtity.

LEt Slaves and Brutes, by raging luſt poſſeſt,
Harbour in each Polluted Breaſt,
A Dire infectious flame, which burns
Fierce and Inſenſible, a Flame which turns
Our Godlike Soul Divine and Bright,
The Source of Virtue and of Light,
Into a Canker'd Gloom, and baleful Night.

Let the Infatuate, wretched Soul,
In fulſome Bliſſes fondly roll,
Deſpiſe Advice, and Dare Controul.

Let all go on as Nature Leads,
O'er Verdant Plains, and Flow'ry Meads,
My dear lov'd Nymph and I will walk,
While, in Diverting, Harmleſs talk,
We in each others Soul a Bliſs enjoy,
That ne'er will fade, and never, never Cloy.

AN

AN

ODE

IN

Praiſe of COFFEE.

Done from the FRENCH.

I.

THOU Sacred Liquor of Nectareous Taſte,
O COFFEE! Thou whoſe Fame ſhall laſt
While o'er thy Gloomy Charms we ſmile,
And bleſs the Product of thy Parent Soil;
When Spleen and all its direful Train,
Deſpotick vex my Tortur'd Brain,
Thy Preſence makes the bold Uſurpers fly,
Leaving my peaceful Soul poſſeſt of calm Serenity.

II.

Charm'd with thy Scent, and by thy help reviv'd,
When of my Reaſon I'm depriv'd
By the prevailing Charms of Wine,
Or Glorious Punch as equally Divine;
Thy Healing Virtues ſoon deſtroy
Whatever can my Senſe annoy.
But who, ah! who can tell how thoſe are bleſt,
Who ſhare the Pleaſures thou beſtow'ſt to Crown
a Plenteous Feaſt.

ON THE

DEATH

OF A

PRETTY INFANT.

HOW juſtly may we mourn our Mortal State,
And blame the rigid Hand of Partial Fate,
Since even tender Infants are not free
From the unerring ſtroke of Deſtiny!
But ſmiling Babes as ſoon are ſnatch'd away,
As Aged Slaves who live but to decay.

Elſe had *Eliza* liv'd, till Wit and Grace
Had made her Mind as Charming as her Face;
Till Ripened Beauty would have made her ſhine
All Innocent, all Lovely and Divine.

But now, no more *Eliza*'s Name we hear,
Without the mournful Tribute of a Tear;
All mourn *Eliza*'s Loſs, her Parents moſt,
Since they (in her) have all their Comfort loſt.

But ſee! her Dear, her Infant Soul ariſe,
In eager Triumph thro' the Diſtant Skies!
See, what a Croud of Saints the Heav'ns diſplay,
To meet *Eliza* in the milky way!

Thence to Conduct her to the Throne of God,
Where ſhe for ever takes her bleſt abode.

Why then ſhould we lament that ſhe's above?
'Tis true it ſhews our Reverence and Love;
But yet we ought a Sympathy to bear,
And while ſhe's bleſt in Heav'n, we ſhould be joyful here.

THE CONQUEST.

A SONG.

I.

YE Beauteous Nymphs, and Jovial Swains!
Who Worſhip great *Cytherea*'s ſhrine,
With joyful Eccho's fill the Plain,
For now the Fair *Olinda*'s mine.

II.

Ye Chirping Birds, convey your Notes
Through all the Regions of the Air,
And ſtretch your Little warbling Throats,
To tell ſhe's Kind, as well as Fair.

A Paſtoral

ECLOGUE

ON THE

Divine Power of GOD.

SPOKEN

By Two YOUNG LADIES

In the Habits of

SHEPHERDDESSES;

AT AN

ENTERTAINMENT

Perform'd at Mrs. CAREY's School by ſeveral of Her Scholars.

Seraphina.

NOW ſay (my Dear!) if *Seraphina*'s Glade,
Is not for Pleaſure and Retirement made?

Dodona.

Dodona.

I willingly confeſs it, and rejoice
In *Seraphina*'s Company and Choice.

Seraphina.

What then forbids that we ſhould jointly raiſe
Our Blooming Fancies; and employ our Lays,
To Sing and Celebrate our Maker's Praiſe?

Dodona.

What can forbid when Inclinations move,
When we are prompted by Seraphick Love?
When in a Glade ſo Pleaſant, ſo Retir'd,
That I believe my ſelf to be Inſpir'd.

Seraphina.

'Tis then your Right *Dodona* to begin,
For ſurely one Inſpir'd can better Sing,
Than ſuch a Thoughtleſs ſimple Maid as I;

Dodona.

Leave, *Seraphina*, leave your Raillery.
Tho' of your ſelf, you humbly may conceive,
I know, too well, to ſay I but believe
You have a Soul ſhort only of Divine,
In which ſuch wondrous Excellencies ſhine,
They far exceed each Nymphs; much more
Inferiour mine. ——

Seraphina.

Is this the Language of a Country Maid!
'Tis fitter for a Court than for a Glade:
Forbear my Dear *Dodona*, ſince you know,
My Thoughts are humble, and my Station low,
Then ſhou'd not my Diſcourſe and Life be ſo?
We came not here to Praiſe our ſelves; but Him,
Whoſe wondrous Goodneſs is a boundleſs Theme.

Dodona.

Forgive me *Seraphina*, and begin;
You Challeng'd firſt, and you the firſt ſhould Sing.

Seraphina.

Tell Nymph! by whom this moſt delightful ſhade,
Theſe lively Greens, theſe fragrant Flow'rs were made;
By whom we live and move, ſay Nymph, who gives
A Source to all our Thoughts, and Nurture to our Lives?

Dodona.

That Sacred Pow'r, whoſe boundleſs Eſſence rolls
Far, far above the Skies, as far beyond the Poles?
He gives a verdant Tincture to the Fields,
And all thoſe various Dies which Nature yields;

He fills the Banks with Violets; and beſtows
A fragrant Odour to the Bluſhing Roſe:
By Him our tender Lambs are taught to bleat;
He gives the motion to their nimble Feet:
In ſhort; Birds, Beaſts, and ev'ry Thing that moves
Thro' Realms Aerial, or Tereſtial Groves;
Fiſhes, and Monſters, whatſoe'er they be
That ſport in Chryſtal Streams, and Salter Sea;
Beings unknown, unſeen, each thing, and all
We may the moſt minute Exiſtence call,
Whither in Heav'n, or Air, or Sea, or Land,
Were fram'd by God's Omnipotent Command,
Who ſtill upholds the ſame; for ſtill they bear,
The mark of their Creator's Pow'r and Care.

Seraphina.

That bounteous God (*Dodona*) is the Theme,
On which my Tongue like fruitful *Nilus* Stream,
Could now, and ever, flow with Grateful Praiſe
To Him, of whom the very Thoughts can raiſe
My rural Muſe much more Sublimely high,
Than any Heathen Bards can dare to fly.

Dodona.

But O! my *Seraphina*, is not He
A Subject too Sublime for you and me?

Seraphina.

How dare you doubt the Goodneſs of the Lord?
He is not yet too great to be Ador'd;

For

For Oh! he ſhows, in the moſt lively Senſe,
His Mercy equals his Omnipotence;
Elſe had Mankind been Puniſh'd for their Sin,
Elſe had this World a ſecond Chaos been:

But he ſupremely Good, ſupremely Wiſe,
Sits high enthron'd, and with Indulgent Eyes
Beholds his Creatures bow, and hears them breath
Their Grateful Thanks and Songs of Praiſe beneath.

When *Phœbus* (at the Morning's dawn) diſplays
O'er all the Earth his bright, his genial Rays,
All Creatures rouſe to bleſs the Infant Sun,
And Nature puts her Gayeſt habits on.

A Golden luſtre crowns the Mountains Heads,
And gives a Splendor to the Painted Meads;
A Brilliant warmth profuſely fills the Field,
And Silver Streams a dazling brightneſs yield;
A Splended Tincture guilds the Laden Trees,
And ſhines Triumphant in the Glitt'ring Seas.

Thus ev'ry morn with Charms entirely new,
Nature prepares for the Almighty's view;
Who full of Mercy, and of Pleaſure, ſees
The ſtately Lion bend his Kingly Knees,
And bow with humble Zeal his awful Head;
While Subject Brutes, by his example led,
Declare with Eyes elate, and bended Knee,
They feel within themſelves the God they ſee.

This done, the whole Creation does prepare,
With Grateful ſounds to charm its Maker's Ear:

And now all Beings vigorouſly join,
To make the Entertainment more Divine.

Now chirping Birds, whoſe tender Pinions bear
The fluttering Songſters thro' the yielding Air,
In loudeſt, ſweeteſt Strains, eſſay to Sing,
Eternal Anthemns to their Heav'nly King.
Then Ev'ry Species takes it proper part;
But Oh! the utmoſt pitch of humane Art,
Or pow'rful Rhetorick, can ne'er expreſs,
That killing harmony, that ſoft exceſs,
That Soul of Muſick, Nature's charming Voice,
Which makes both God, and Man, and All Rejoice.

If then, to pleaſe their God all Beings join,
Why ſhou'd diſtinguiſh'd we alone decline?
Tell me, O tell me, dear *Dodona*, why,
Should we alone deſpiſe Celeſtial Majeſty.

Dodona.

Forbid it Heaven! and thou Eternal God,
Who dwell'ſt in yon Empereal Abode,
Forbid that any thing proceed from me
Offenſive to thy ſacred Majeſty.

Come *Seraphina*, join with me in Pray'r,
Our joint Petitions God will ſurely hear;
His ſacred Pardon freely he'll diſpenſe,
Since Ignorance occaſion'd my Offence.

Seraphina.

But ſee! the Day begins to diſappear,
And Darkneſs with her Gloomy Train draws near;
Night now aſcending in a ſable ſhade,
Begins to veil the Heav'ns, and dark the Glade,
Then come my dear *Dodona*, haſt away,
We ſafer now may in our Cottage pray.

Dodona.

Bleſs me! how we've beguil'd the Hours away,
Here's not the ſmalleſt glympſe of chearful Day;
That Sun which lately ſmil'd on ev'ry Field,
Is now in *Thetis'* Watry Lap conceal'd;
A ſable veſtment of thick Darkneſs ſhrouds,
The azure Beauties of the Lofty Clouds;
The Lambkins to their Cotes affrighted run,
The Meads in which they ſported now they ſhun;
The Warbling Songſters of the Feather'd Choir,
To their warm Neſts ſecurely now retire.
The Gloomy Shades that fill this hateful place,
Make all things here to wear another face;
Then home let's fly on ſwifteſt Wings of fear,
For nought but horror Smiles on all things here.

AN

A N

EPILOGUE

To the ſame

ENTER TAINMENT.

Spoken by a Little BOY.

Ladies,——

THE happy time of Peace draws near,
Europe no more the Yoke of War ſhall wear,
Great *ANNA* will a Laſting Peace obtain,
To Crown the Wonders of Her Glorious Reign.

Then O! ye penſive Fair, lament no more,
Your Lovers ſoon will gain the *Britiſh* ſhore,
They'll leave the Fields of War for peaceful Plains,
Proud to be call'd your ever conſtant Swains;
To you they will Reſign their Glitt'ring Arms,
As the Juſt Trophies of your Conqu'ring Charms.
But —— as you tender my Advice —— be kind,
And let your Heros no Reſiſtance find,
Leſt they (enrag'd to ſee you cruel prove)
Should wage a War inſtead of making Love.

Ev'n I my ſelf will Arm in ſuch a Cauſe,
And make you yield to *Cupid*'s pow'rful Laws,

I'll Head the Men of Courage, Wit, and Parts,
And then — Diſdainful Nymphs — have at your
Hearts.

But if you'll ſtrictly follow my Advice,
You all ſhall have good Husbands in a trice.

Let Virtue be your Guide in all your ways,
'Tis Virtue gains alone Eſteem and Praiſe;
Vice may a while enſnare a worthleſs Heart,
But Virtue gains without the help of Art;
And ſhe whom Virtues Sacred Laws inſpire,
Shall ſtill enjoy what e'er ſhe can deſire.

A

SONG.

I.

WHen *Myrrha* views me with Diſdain
My Blood congeals, and ev'ry Vein
With anguiſh ſhrinks, while wretched I
Beneath the mighty Torment Die.

II.

But when the kind conſenting Maid
(With Eyes relenting, Arms diſplay'd)
Meeting, ſooths me to her Breaſt,
I glow, I burn —— and am poſſeſt
Of Joys too great to be expreſs'd.

AN HYMN.

I.

INſpir'd with Extaſies divine,
How gladly would I ſtrive to raiſe
This faint, aſpiring Voice of mine,
To Sing my Great Creator's Praiſe.

II.

Hither ye Hoſts of winged Angels fly!
Deſcend in glitt'ring Legions from the Sky!
Come — join with me, and teach me how to ſing
Some grateful Hymn to my Almighty King.

III.

Smiling Cherubs! Haſte away
From your Realms of Endleſs day!
Join your Warbling Notes with mine,
To make the Off'ring more divine.

IV. Thus

IV.

Thus (on the Wings of Harmony, and Love,)
My Raptur'd Soul with ſwifteſt haſte ſhall move,
Till, born above the Earth, by fierce deſire,
I add to the Divine Celeſtial Choir.

ANOTHER.

I.

THis World's a Vale of Sin, and all below
Is Sorrow, Vanity, and Woe;
All Things, which here on Earth I ſee,
Are full of Folly, Sin and Miſery.

II.

Deareſt Saviour, O convey me
To thy Father's Arms!
Let not this vain World betray me,
With it's fond alarms.

III.

I mount, I fly, I ſcale the Sky,
The World and Satan I deſie;
With God and Chriſt I ſhall remain,
Never to return again.

ON THE
DEATH
OF
Mrs. *ANNE CLEVE*,

One of the Beſt of Women.

YE Rev'rend Manes of the Ancient Dead!
Whoſe Pious Urns have unmoleſted laid
A long Eternity of Buried Years,
Num'rous as are the Tributary Tears
Which grace your Memories; Ariſe, and ſtand
In Sacred Columns on the Heav'nly Strand,
To welcome to your Realms of endleſs Reſt,
As bright a Soul as e'er was rendred Bleſt.

For ſurely ſuch was She, who now is gone
To Reap the Bleſſings of the Heav'nly Throne.
She was — (But ah, alas!) ſhe is no more—
That Virtue's ſelf which we ſhould all adore.

A Tender Parent, and a Faithful Wife,
In ev'ry Action of her Pious Life;
A Worthy Miſtreſs, and a real Friend,
But—— what we never can enough Commend!

Is — that This moſt Divine, This matchleſs She,
Was Ev'n *The very Soul of Charity*;
To all Good Works moſt Zealouſly ſincere,
To all Ill Thoughts and Actions as ſevere:
In ſhort, She was moſt juſtly theſe, and all
We may Conſummately Religious call.

But (ah!) her Virtues will adorn her Herſe
More than the vain efforts of feeble Verſe,
Which but augment the Grief of each ſad Mind,
That She has left to mourn her here behind:

Ceaſe then, (Impotent Muſe!) and leave the reſt
To be in Silence, and in Tears expreſs'd.

THE

THE VIRGIN's Addreſs.

TO *Pallas* (That Celeſtial Maid)
A Virtuous Nymph devoutly Pray'd,
For all thoſe Gifts that cou'd refine,
And make a Virgin more Divine;
The ſmiling Goddeſs thus replied,
Mortal, your Suit is not denied,
I give you an Induſtrious hand,
The Skilful Needle to Command.

The Tender Graſs, the Blooming Trees,
The Chryſtal Streams, the Briny Seas,
Fragrant Flow'rs, Groves, and Plains,
And all this Spacious World contains,
Shall, in ſoft Shades, be wrought by you,
And kept for Everlaſting view.

This Art (alone) will Crown your Pains,
With conſtant Praiſes, certain Gains,
While you (ſecure from Sloth, and Pride)
Herein—— have all that you can wiſh beſide.

ON

The never enough to be Lamented

DEATH

Of my Dear

FRIEND

The Celebrated

Mr. *ROBERT CHEBSY*,

Who Play'd (to the laſt Perfection) on the VIOLIN.

O Had'ſt thou liv'd! to let the World have ſeen,
How Great, how Glorious thou in time had'ſt been,
We had not Griev'd ſo much; but ah! we find
Thou waſt by Heav'n for nobler ends deſign'd;
The ſacred Conſort of the Heav'nly Sphere,
Was but Imperfect, while my Friend was here:
'Twas for that Reaſon, thou waſt call'd above,
To Grace thoſe Realms of endleſs Bliſs, and Love,
With never ceaſing Harmony; to ſhow,
Their Muſick (now) exceedeth ours below.

THE

THE

Cure of LOVE.

I.

MY Friends could give me no relief,
To heal my Wounds, or eaſe my Grief.
Nothing could calm my Tortur'd Mind,
Becauſe *Lucinda* was Unkind.

II.

They led me oft to pleaſing Shades,
To peaceful Glooms, and cooling Glades,
Try'd ev'ry Art (but all in vain)
To eaſe me of my Love-ſick pain.

III.

Oft on a Flow'ry Bank I lay
And, Weeping, ſpent the tedious Day ;
As oft by ſilver Streams I ſtood,
And with my Tears encreas'd the Flood.

IV.

On Cypreſs Barks, I oft Engrav'd
Her Name, who had my Soul enſlav'd ;
And oft, to all the Ecchoes round,
I would repeat the pleaſing Sound.

V.

My Body waſted, and my Mind
Within the Bonds of Love confin'd;
Thought I——this I can ne'er endure,
It would be beſt to ſeek a Cure.

VI.

In haſte I ſent for Flasks of Wine,
Of ſparkling Colour, Taſte divine;
This done, We fill'd our brimming Glaſſes,
And Drank Adieu to all Coy Laſſes.

VII.

Scarce had we paſs'd Six Bumpers round,
When ſtreight (by wond'rous Pow'r) I found
My Reaſon had aſſum'd its Throne,
And all the Fumes of Love were flown.

VIII.

Then I, who was ſo ſad of late,
Began to Laugh, and Sing, and Prate,
My Cheeks (which had been Pale before)
A Fluſh of Ruby brightneſs wore.

IX.

My Eyes they ſparkled with Delight,
My Mind was Gay, my Heart was Light,

With ſhouts of Joy I fill'd the Place,
And Pleaſure Triumph'd in my Face.

X.

My Friends embrac'd me, and admir'd
The Juice which had my Soul inſpir'd ;
My Health the brim-full Glaſſes Crown'd,
Which like the Light'ning flew around.

XI.

I now could Name the Cruel Fair
Without or Anguiſh, or Deſpair ;
I told her ev'ry Fault aloud,
I Curs'd her, call'd her Jilt, and Proud.

XII.

Full Twenty Flasks of Racy Wine
We offer'd to God *Bacchus* Shrine,
And Bleſs'd the Pow'r that work'd a Change
So Great, ſo Sudden, and ſo Strange.

XIII.

And now, *Lucinda* I deſpiſe,
'Tis Glorious Wine alone I prize ;
Wine, that can all our Griefs remove,
And Cure the Raging Pain of Love.

A

SONG.

I.

SEE! ſee, my *Seraphina* comes
Adorn'd with ev'ry Grace!
Look Gods, from your Celeſtial Domes,
and view her Charming Face!

II.

Then ſearch, and tell, if you can find
in all your Sacred Groves,
Or Nymph, or Goddeſs ſo Divine
as She whom *Strephon* Loves.

ANOTHER.

I.

YE ſhady Glooms in vain ye ſtrive
your Verdant Beauties to diſplay,
They rather Pain than Pleaſure give,
while *Partheniſſa* is away.

II. But

II.

But when the Nymph returns again,
To bleſs theſe Woods, and *Damon*'s Arms,
Then, I ſhall feel no Love-ſick Pain,
And you'll poſſeſs your wonted Charms.

THE

Woman Hater,

A

SONG.

I.

WHat's a Woman but a Name,
A pretty, empty, Gaudy Frame,
Full of Nonſenſe, full of Pride,
Full of Talk, and Naught beſide?

II.

Beauteous as Angels is her Face,
She moves with more than Humane Grace,
But who can prove, or who can find
One ſingle Beauty in her Mind?

THE

THE Man-Hater, A SONG.

I.

WHat's Man, but a perfidious Creature,
Of an inconſtant, fickle Nature,
Deceitful, and Conceited too,
Boaſting of more than he can do?

II.

Beware, ye heedleſs Nymphs, beware,
For Men will Lye, and Fawn, and Swear;
But, when they once have gain'd the Prize,
Good Heav'ns! How they will Tyranize!

A SONG.

I.

IN vain the Gods endeavour
To mitigate my Anguiſh,
Alas! I ſtill muſt Languiſh,
If *Lesbia* is unkind.

II.

Now Cruel Maid, if ever,
Your Tyranny give over,
Or ſoon your tortur'd Lover
In Death's cold Arms you'll find.

THE
Faſhionable Lover,
A
SONG.

I.

LOve's the Fever of the Mind,
'Tis a Grief that none can Cure,
Till the Nymph you Love prove kind;
She can give you Eaſe again,
She can beſt remove the Pain
Which you for Her endure.

II.

Be not ever, then, Repining,
Sighing, Dying, Canting, Whining,
Spend not Time in Vain purſuing,
If ſhe does not Love you, make her,
When She Loves you, then —— Forſake her,
'Tis the Modiſh way of Wooing.

Phœbus Reproved,

A

SONG.

I.

STop, *Phœbus*! Stop thy ſwift career,
And know that *Arethuſa*'s here.

II.

When ſhe is abſent, we admire
The Glories of thy Sacred Fire;
But —— when ſhe comes —— for ſhame, retire.

ADDRESS

TO

LESBIA.

THou Faireſt, and thou beſt of Womankind,
Angel in Form, and Goddeſs in thy mind!
I've ſeen you (Charmer!) —— that alone will prove,
As I have Gaz'd, ſo I of Courſe muſt Love.
I own —— I merit not one ſo Divine,
But yet —— if Love is Merit —— you are mine;
Then O! be kind (Dear Nymph! and meet my (Fire
With equal Wiſhes, and with like Deſire;

Or

Or Death, or Life, are in your Pow'r to give,
I Die—if you Diſdain; but, if you Love—I Live.

ON

Lesbia's Recovery

FROM A

FIT of SICKNESS.

AS when the God of Light, a while retires,
And Nightly Shades conceal his Sacred Fires,
The Drooping World Laments that ſhe's away,
And Nature mourns the Abſence of the Day.

But, when Re-uſher'd by approaching Morn,
And dazling Beams his Glorious Face adorn,
The Univerſe in ſhining Pomp appears,
And ev'ry Face a mark of Gladneſs wears:

So when my *Lesbia* was with Pain oppreſs'd,
And raging Fevers rack'd her gentle Breaſt,
(With Pity fill'd, for the Dear Maid I Love)
Her Torments double to my Soul did prove;
My *Lesbia* felt no Pain, endur'd no Smart,
But what, with mightier Force, oppreſt my bleeding Heart.

But when relenting Fate had heard my Pray'r,
And look'd with Pity on the Tortur'd Fair,
When it had eas'd her of her wracking Pain,
And brought her to her Priſtine Health again,
Witneſs (ye Gods!) what Joys inſpir'd my Breaſt,
With what exceſs of Tranſport was I bleſt;
My Grief, (which nothing could before compare)
Was equall'd by the Joy my Soul did ſhare,
In the Recov'ry of my Charming Fair.

Then, O ye Pow'rs! Would ye propitious prove
To Chaſte Deſires, and to Conſtant Love,
Bleſs her with laſting Health, whom I adore,
And make her mine, that I may ask no more.

THE

Bleſſings of PEACE,

A

SONG.

The Words made to a Tune of Mr. *Barrett's*.

I.

LET ev'ry Face be fill'd with Joy,
And ev'ry Glaſs with Wine:
Let boundleſs Mirth all Cares deſtroy
In Extacies Divine:

II. For

II.

For Peace and Plenty are Returning
To our *Britiſh* Iſle,
Then lay aſide all Grief and Mourning,
Gayly ever Smile.

III.

Our Gracious QUEEN, our Loyal Peers,
And Commons, have agreed.
That War ſhall Ceaſe for future Years,
And Union ſhall ſucceed.

IV.

Rejoyce ye Beauties of the Court,
Your Heroes will return,
Ye *Britiſh* Nymphs no more reſort
In lonely Shades to Mourn;

V.

For now your Faithful Swains ſhall bleſs
Your long neglected Arms,
With Glory, Honour, and Succeſs,
And never dying Charms.

VI.

While you with Peaceful Bleſſings Crown'd,
Enjoy the ſweets of Love,
And new born Pleaſures ſtill abound
In ev'ry Bliſsful Grove.

VII.

Ye Martial Heroes lay aſide
The Thoughts of Wars Alarms,
Your hours will better be employ'd
Within the Fair One's Arms.

VIII.

They ſhall with equal Tranſports meet,
While boldly you advance;
And make your Pleaſures doubly Sweet,
With endleſs Complaiſance.

IX.

While you Recruit an Infant Train
In *Venus* Gentler Wars,
To make amends for thoſe you've Slain
Within the Fields of *Mars*.

X.

Ye Loyal *Britons* lay aſide
All Grief and Diſcontent,
Your QUEEN will ſuch a PEACE provide
Shall all your Fears prevent.

XI.

Great *ANNA* ſeeks our Happineſs,
And not her private Ends;
To find out means her Realms to bleſs
Is all that ſhe Intends.

XII.

Let then the Happy World Rejoyce,
Let War and Diſcord ceaſe;
Let ev'ry Heart and ev'ry Voice,
Applaud this Glorious Peace.

The Six following Cantatas (after the Italian *manner) are Imitated and Contracted from as many Stories of* Ovid, *and ſet to Muſick by ſeveral Eminent Maſters.*

CANTATA. I.

VENUS and *ADONIS.*

Recit.

SOON as the Infant Sun had Deck'd the Skies,
With eager haſte *Adonis* did ariſe;
O'er Meadows Tip'd with Morning's Dew,
The Sprightly Shepherd nimbly flew;
And thus the Wanton Boy,
In Sweeteſt Strains expreſs'd his Joy.

I.

Air.

Chryſtal Streams, like Silver ſhining,
Blended Branches fondly Twining,
Smiling Plains, and Verdant Groves,
Are Objects that *Adonis* Loves.

II.

Let Silly Shepherds Court Deſpair,
And Languiſh for ſome Cruel Fair,
Uncommon Bliſs I here Enjoy,
Too Calm to Kill, too Sweet to Cloy.

Recit.

A Salvage Boar came o'er the Plain,
And Rudely Tore the Hapleſs Swain,
Who (ſtrugling) call'd for Help in vain.

His Cries were heard by Beauty's Chief,
Who nimbly flew to his Relief,
But (when she found him Dead) she thus expres's'd her Grief.

Air.

Let dire Destruction quickly fall,
On Heav'n, on Earth, on me and all;
Let Lightning Flash, let Thunder Roar,
Since dear *Adonis* is no more.

II.

Unhinge, unhinge, ye starry Spheres
Let grating Discord fill mine Ears;
Let Flames devouring, all destroy,
Since I have lost my darling Boy.

CAN-

CANTATA. II.

APOLLO and *DAPHNE.*

Recit.

WILD as Deſpair the Tim'rous *Daphne* flew,
While Am'rous *Phœbus* cloſely did purſue;
But when the God had follow'd long in vain,
He thus began to try each moving ſtrain,
Attempting (with his Charming Voice) the Cruel
Fair to gain:

I.

Air.

Deareſt *Daphne* do not fly me,
All thy needleſs Fears remove;
Do not —— Do not thus deny me,
But —— reward *Apollo*'s Love.

II.

When Inconſtant Men are Wooers,
Virgins may maintain the Field;
But —— when Gods become purſuers,
Ev'ry Fair ſhould gladly yield.

Recit.

This ſaid he Rudely ſeiz'd the Trembling Maid,
Who loudly call'd to Heav'n for Aid,

When ſtraight, by Pow'r Divine, ſhe grew,
A Lawrel ever blooming, ever new;
From whoſe immortal Trunk theſe Accents came,
His Fruſtrate Hopes to Mock, his Fruitleſs Love to Blame.

I.

Air.

Phœbus while you're ſuch a Rover,
Small Succeſs in Love you'll find,
'Till you're grown a conſtant Lover,
Virgins never will be kind.

II.

Leave this wanton way of Wooing,
Fickle Courtſhip is but vain,
While you All are thus purſuing,
You Perhaps may None obtain.

CANTATA. III.

JUPITER and LEDA.

Recit.

IN Silver Plumes of Snowy down Array'd,
Great Jove to *Leda* came,
And While she fondly with his Pinions play'd,
Thus sang the Beauteous Dame.

I.

Air.

Purling Streams, and Chrystal Fountains,
All to thee their Beauties owe,
Nor can whitest Alpine Mountains,
Rival thee in Whiter Snow.

II.

Thou to me art always Dear,
I Adore thy downy Charms,
Ever take thy dwelling here,
Never fly from *Leda*'s Arms.

Recit.

Recit.

As thus she Sang, Almighty *Jove*
Explor'd the Sweets of God-like Love;
And while he warmly touch'd her Heart,
She (thus) expreſt the Pleaſing Smart:

I.

Air.

Deareſt Charmer, O Forbear,
I can ne'er ſuch Joys receive,
This is Bliſs beyond compare,
Nor could Gods a greater give.

II.

Tho' the Streams thy abſence Mourn,
Let 'em —— let 'em mourn in vain,
Thou ſhalt never hence Return,
But with *Leda* ſtill remain.

CAN-

CANTATA. IV.

PARIS and *OENONE.*

Recit.

WHen *Paris* bore away the *Grecian* prize,
Waiting (on *Ida*'s) Top with longing Eyes
OEnone ſtood,
And when ſhe view'd
The *Trojan* Fleet (aproaching) Sail along,
She ſtrove to Charm her Shepherd to the ſhore,
with this Melodious Song.

I.

Air.

Welcome, welcome, Deareſt Swain,
Welcome to theſe Groves again
And to *OEnone*'s Arms;

II.

Leave the Raging Stormy Sea,
Come and ſpend thy Days with me
In endleſs peaceful Charms.

Recit.

Recit.

The *Zephyrs* caught the charming Sound,
And Eccho made her ſtrains rebound;
But Cruel *Paris* ſail'd along
Regardleſs of the Tuneful Song,
While thus ſhe Sung to eaſe her pain,
And call the Shepherd back again.

I.

Air.

Tell me *Paris*, tell me why,
You from my Embraces Fly,
With ſuch impetuous haſte?

II.

Cruel Shepherd you've undone me,
Tell me *Paris*, why you ſhun me,
And Faithleſs prove at laſt?

CAN-

CANTATA. V.

Vertumnus and *Pomona.*

Recit.

TRansform'd in Female ſhape, as Old and Lame,
The God *Vertumnus*, to *Pomona* came;
And while the Goddeſs all her ſtore diſplay'd,
He (thus diſguis'd) addreſt the liſt'ning Maid.

I.

Air.

Goddeſs Lovely and Divine,
Guardian of each Fruitful Tree,
A While thy Darling Joys decline,
And lend an Ear to Love and Me.

II.

Blooming Beauties ſhould be kind,
And take the Bleſſing while they may,
For Time is ſwift, and Love is blind,
And Paſſion Cools when Charms decay.

Recit.

While he appear'd thus odious in her Eyes,
The Goddeſs did his ſtrains deſpiſe;
But when Transform'd by Pow'r Divine,
Vertumnus did with Blooming Graces ſhine,

Thus

Thus Sang *Pomona* all amaz'd,
While on the Youthful God ſhe fondly gaz'd.

I.

Air.

Succeſsful happy Charmer,
'Tis you alone can warm her
Who never lov'd before.

II.

Be bleſs'd as I can make you,
I never will forſake you,
But Love you more and more.

CAN-

CANTATA; VI.

Cynthia and *Endymion.*

Recit.

THe Silver Moon ſerenely ſhone,
And Night appear'd as Day,
But — e'er her Courſe was well begun
She rudely ſtole away.

I.

Air.

Gentle Orb of Radiant Fire,
Sweet Adorner of the Night!
Why doſt thou in Glooms retire,
And conceal thy Glorious Light?

II.

Scorching *Phœbus* all the Day
Reigns, with too Tyranick heat;
But Fair *Cynthia*'s milder ſway
Is the Shepherd's ſole Retreat.

Recit.

Recit.

Walking beneath a Melancholy Glade,
Endymion thus addreſt the Heav'nly Maid;
Whoſe Beams forſook the Clouds with Joyful Pride,
While to the Swain, the Goddeſs thus replied.

I.

Air.

Shepherd ceaſe this fond Complaining,
Do not thus ungrateful prove,
You 'gainſt *Cynthia* are exclaiming,
Whilſt for you ſhe burns with Love.

II.

Bleſs this happy, kind occaſion,
Bleſs your more prevailing Charms,
That (without the leaſt perſwaſion)
Give a Goddeſs to your Arms.

THE MARRIAGE OF BACCHUS

From *Ovid.*

THE Son of Minos *King of* Crete, *being moſt baſely murthered by the* Athenians; *becauſe he bore away the Prizes, and overcame them in all their Military Games. His Father, to revenge his Death, made War againſt, and overcame the* Athenians; *which done, he made Peace, on Condition, the* Athenians *ſhould ſend Yearly to* Crete, *Seven of their Nobleſt Youths, to be Devour'd by the* Minotaure *(a Monſter confin'd in an inextricable* Labyrinth.*) The Fourth Year the Lot fell on* Theſeus, *who was deliver'd from that horrid Monſter, by the means of* Ariadne, *who gave him a Clue of Thread, which guided him out of the* Labyrinth, *and freed both himſelf and his Companions; This done he fled late at Night from* Crete *by Sea, with* Ariadne *and* Phædra, *Daughters of* Minos, *to* Naxos; *where he Treacherouſly leaves* Ariadne, *and flies to* Athens *with* Phædra.

The

The following Lines, begin from that part of their Eſcape, which brings them within ſight of Naxos.

AT length a gleaming ſtreak of dawning Light
Began to ſhoot through that propitious Night,
Which Veil'd the Heav'ns, and skreen'd their Conſcious Flight.

In vain they ſought to drown their Cares with Sleep,
While all the gloomy Horrors of the Deep
(In Direful Canopies) flew o'er their Heads,
And fill'd their Guilty Souls with equal Dreads.
Till bright *Aurora* iſſu'd from the *Eaſt*,
In Gaudy Robes of Lucid Day-light Dreſt.

Aurora, ever Smiling, ever Gay,
Diſpell'd the Night, and drave their Fears away;
And to compleat their Joys, ——
The Goddeſs rend'red obvious to their View,
The fineſt Land-ſcape, Nature ever drew:

'Twas *Naxos*, ſcituate on a riſing Ground,
By Swelling Waves almoſt encompaſs'd round;
Naxos whoſe Oak rear'd its aſpiring Head,
Whoſe out-ſtretch'd Arms their twining Branches ſpread,
To knit a verdant Leavy coverlid,
Which promis'd both a Safe and Sweet Retreat.
O! What a Joy, muſt ſuch a ſight create
In Wretches ſo oppreſt, with Fear and Grief,
They had forgot to Seek, or Wiſh Relief;

But

But now ——
The brooding Anguiſh, which Triumphant ſate
Upon their Brows, replete with Icy ſweat,
Was quickly baniſh'd; while in ev'ry Face,
Myrriads of new born Smiles aſſume their place:

No Pendent Horrors ſhock their tortur'd Souls,
But boundleſs Joy through ev'ry Cavern Rolls;
Joy that appears, in Gay, in Healing Beams,
And renders all Serene, as ſmiling Infants Dreams.

At length,
The ſhatter'd Bark leaps from the boiſt'rous Main,
As it were glad, to reſt it ſelf again;
Fiercely her Keel cuts through the yielding Sand,
And brings them ſafely to the wiſh'd for Land.

And now o'er Plains of *Camomil* they tread,
O'er Purple Banks, with cluſt'ring Violets ſpread;
While o'er their Heads, the budding Balm Trees yield,
Drops, whoſe diffuſive Breath perfume the Field:
Sated with ſuch exceſs of Sweets, they roam
To ſeek ſome cooler Shade, or peaceful Gloom;
At laſt the weary Wretches ſlowly tread,
With careleſs motion, to a Fountain's Head,
Whoſe Streams of Liquid Chryſtal ſwiftly roll
Around the Margin, of the Verdant Bowl;
Whoſe Purling Bubbles, keep a conſtant Tide,
Whiſp'ring Harmonious murmurs as they gently glide.

On either Side the ſprouting Beeches ſeem
To kiſs the Clouds and ſhade the Glitt'ring Stream,

While on their Boughs, the warbling Linnets join
In gladſome Anthemns to the God of Wine,
Who in that Iſland his Delight had plac'd,
Well might it then be thus Divinely Grac'd,
Since 'twas the beſt belov'd retir'd abode
Of *Bacchus* that Divine Luxuriant God;
Weary and Faint, with heavineſs oppreſt,
'Tis here they gently lay them down to reſt,
On Verdant Couches and on Flow'ry Beds,
Adorn'd with all the Beauties of the Meads,
While cloſe beneath the gently murmuring Streams
Charm them to ſofteſt Slumbers, ſweeteſt Dreams.

Around their Heads their Guardian Angels play,
While, lock'd in bands of downy ſleep, they lay
Fann'd by refreſhing Gales of *Eaſtern* Breeze,
Whiſtling with ſweeteſt Accents thro' the Ruſtling Trees.

But ah! while Beauteous *Ariadne* ſleeps,
Thoughtleſs of Ill, the Faithleſs *Theſeus* keeps
A Treach'rous watch, and real Slumber feigns,
While Blackeſt Falſhood, in his Boſom reigns;
For ſoon as he perceives her killing Eyes
Securely Veil'd, he gently does ariſe,
And with the ſloweſt Motion, lightly moves
To wake the Nymph, whom he unjuſtly Loves.

This done, unto the Shoar they haſte away,
Where ſwift Wing'd *Pegaſus* in Harbour lay;
There they embark'd, and with Officious care
Do quickly for their Guilty Flight prepare;
Propitious Winds now fill their Swelling Sails,
Their ſable Streamers ſport with gentler Gales;

The

The well ſteer'd Rudder ploughs the Watry Plain,
Swifter than Thought, they fly along the Main,
And ſoon the diſtant Coaſt of *Athens* gain.

While *Ariadne* lull'd to Peaceful Dreams,
Like ſome bright Angel in a Slumber ſeems;
Upon a Pillow, which the Earth had made
Of Riſing Turf, her Head was gently laid;
The Bluſhing Roſes ſtoop'd on either ſide,
And ſtrove to Kiſs her Cheeks with eager Pride,
But (ah!) they droop'd, and Pale with envy grew,
To ſee in them a more Vermilion hue.

The Lillies that on either ſide did grow,
And in their Whiteneſs, Rivall'd Whiteſt Snow,
Clos'd their fair Heads, within their folds retir'd,
And (vanquiſh'd by her Whiter Skin) expir'd.

The Stream that in its Centre us'd to flow,
Nor whilome dar'd beyond its Banks to go,
Did now, from out its Virgin Womb retreat,
And Swiftly ſlide along the Plain, to kiſs the
Fair Ones Feet.

Mean time Great *Bacchus*, and his Jovial Train,
In Gladſome Triumph came along the Plain,
A ſpotted *Panther* Drunk with Lees of Wine,
Reeling and Foaming, drew the Carr Divine;
A Thouſand *Bacchæ* Ran on either ſide,
Their Bloated Cheeks with Juice of Elders died;
As many Laughing Satyrs row by row,
With wanton motion skipping too and fro;
While Old *Silenus* Jogging in the Rear,
Did, creeping ſlowly, on an Aſs appear.

It Chanc'd at laſt, that *Bacchus* bent his way,
Unto the Place where *Ariadne* lay;
But (Heav'ns !) with how much wonder did he Gaze,
His Train ſtood ſtill, and all were in amaze,
To ſee that unfrequented lonely Place,
Bleſt with ſo fair a Form, and ſo Divine a Face.

The God was fixt (as rooted to the Ground)
No Motion in his Greedy Eyes was found;
He Gaz'd as tho' he would exhauſt his Sight,
And ſeem'd all Fill'd with Rapture and Delight:
The Wanton Satyrs Peep'd, and Smil'd, and Skip'd,
Around the Fair a Thouſand times they Trip'd;
Yet Cautious, leaſt they ſhou'd the Nymph affright,
They talk'd in Whiſpers, and their ſteps were light.

At laſt the God drew nigh, and gently laid
His Sacred Body, near the Sleeping Maid;
While ſhe (in Dreams) not knowing he was there
Embrac'd him, call'd him *Theſeus*, and her Dear;
She preſs'd his Hand, and to Augment his Bliſs,
She (ſlumbring) met his Face, and ſtole a Kiſs:
Great *Bacchus* Raviſh'd with the balmy taſte,
With too too eager Joy the Nymph Embrac'd,
Who ſtarting from his Arms began to wake,
And Gazing, found too ſoon the ſad Miſtake;
She Shriek'd, and leaping from her Graſſy Bed,
She tore the Golden Treſſes from her Head:
Aloud ſhe call'd for *Theſeus*, but (alas !)
He like a Faithleſs Man had left the Place;
She call'd again with greateſt force, but none,
At leaſt not *Theſeus*, Anſwer'd to her Moan;

She

She beat her Breasts, and wept, but all in vain,
Theseus was gone ne'er to return again.

Now here, now there, she flies with deep Despair,
Her Locks Dishevell'd streaming in the Air,
Her Eyes now dry with Weeping, fiercely Glare.
She seeks the Shoar, and finds the Vessel gone,
And then (O Heavens!) with what excessive Moan
She fills the Place; Within the Briny Sea
She would have Plung'd (but ah that might not be)
She was prevented by the God of Wine,
Who full of Pity us'd his Pow'r Divine,
To Calm her Stormy Soul, to Ease her Pain,
And place her Reason in its Throne again.
But Deaf to all the pleading Pow'r could say,
She stop'd her Ears, and would have forc'd away;
'Tis thou said she (with fury in her Eyes)
Hast made my dear Lov'd Lord a Sacrifice;
Can'st thou not kill me too, that I may go
And seek him in the Peaceful Shades below?
The God with Patience hear'd the Frantick Fair,
With Pity saw her Anguish and Despair;
He told her *Theseus* Falshood, and the Maid
Who had her Lover from her Arms betray'd.
She scarce had heard, when streight her Spirits fail,
Convulsive throws her Tortur'd Soul Assail;
The God with Pity takes her to his Arms,
And by his Pow'r, recalls her Health and Charms.
Then She Exclaims against the Guilty Pair,
And tells her Story to the Fleeting Air;
But *Bacchus* interrupted with a Tale,
Which did her Constancy and Love assail;

He

He told her of his Paſſion and his Truth,
His Pow'r Divine; his never dying Youth,
He let her know the Falſhood of Mankind,
And of the Pleaſures ſhe ſhould daily find
Within his Arms; He told her ſhe ſhould Reign
O'er him, his Iſland, and o'er all his Train:
He Knelt, he Begg'd, he would not be deny'd,
She Smil'd, and Gaz'd, and with a Bluſh Reply'd;
Farewel Falſe *Theſeus*: *Bacchus* now ſhall prove,
The only Object of my conſtant Love.

The God ſtood Raviſh'd at her Matchleſs Charms,
He caught the yielding Fair One in his Arms;
The leaping Satyrs did with Joy Rebound,
The *Bacchæ*, lightly touch'd the Trembling Ground:
Loud *IO'S* fill'd the Place; and e'ery Voice
Was heard in Loudeſt Tranſports to Rejoice:
Ev'n Nature's ſelf, look'd more Sublimely Gay,
To Solemnize Great *Bacchus* Nuptial Day.

FINIS.